



BALDWIN'S - 1901





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STAUNTON, VA.

BALDWIN'S.

"We dare not be as funny as we can."

THE MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY

1900--1901.

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ALBERT SHULTZ,
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Miss Ella Clair Weimar,
This Book is Dedicated.



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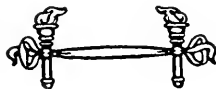
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SPR. 1914

To May.



OW sweetly sing the birds at day's first dawning,
Full-throated pouring out their notes of praise.
As, clad in rosy-red, the dewy morning
Opes the great eastern gates for Phœbus' rays.
And all for you, my "Queene of May ! "

How fresh and green each blade of grass is growing ;
How covered all with leaves the merry trees,
With what soft murmurs is the cool stream flowing,—
As talking to the flow'rs that on its banks it sees.
And all for you, my "Queene of May."

The wood is merry, now, no silence keeping ;
Green leaves are dancing gleefully o'er-head ;
From leafy beds, pale violets are peeping,
And all the ground with moss and flow'rs is spread.
And all for you, my "Queene of May."

In cool green shades, white fleecy flocks are resting,
Their lambkins off at merry, joyous play.
Soft-humming bees sweet swaying flow'rs are testing,
Whose many-colored blossoms make the meadows gay.
And all for you, my "Queene of May."

Come, then, all gnawing cares forsaking,
For once let us be as light of heart as they ;
Let's gladly join us to their merry-making,
And taste the sweets of spring-time while we may.
For like fast-fleeting shadows, Oh my Queen, is *thy* short stay.
REBECCA BAXTER GILKESON.



May Life bestow its richest blessings upon these, now standing on its threshold. May it fill their lives with success and joy, may it touch them but lightly with sorrow or make them strong to endure it.

Let them ever be true to their Alma Mater's principles ; let them ever trust in and strive after the right ; then will the time, the labor, the care and thought expended upon them and by them bring its own rich reward. So will the world be nobler, purer and better because of the lives of these, our graduates of 1901.





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- (2) ELLA MILDRED SMITH,
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Song to the Class of 19'1.

BY E. LOUISE HOPKINS.

There is a Class,
At M. B. S.
What Class it is ;
You all must guess ;
They're not too tall :
They know it all
They're not too small,
No, not at all—
This handsome Class at, M. B. S.
They know the verbs,
And all the herbs,
—Paint pictures fine,
Know Kings in line,
—Play like magic.
Like Beethoven,
—Do the tragic,
—Elocution.
This Clever Class at M. B. S.
They sing like Crows,
Every one knows.
They “parlez-vous,”
Read Latin too ;
Their hair they wear
High up in air
Criticise them
If you dare
This model Class at M. B. S.

CHORUS.

O Nineteen One,
The Class for me,
A famous Class
—As all can see—
Twentieth Century girls they be,
Long live the Class of Nineteen One.

PRIZE STORY.

John Dolan---Roundsman.



"H, my little Joe——save him!"

The mother's anguished cry rent the sultry air. The crowd of spectators on the wharf was startled, speechless, immovable. It was so sudden. They with other poor people had come out to the wharf to escape the city's burning heat; the little boy's mother had him by the hand but a moment ago; how could it have happened? But it *had* happened. The little body had already sunk twice.

"Will no one save my baby boy, my little Joe?" cried the mother frantically wringing her hands.

Still the crowd, stunned by the suddenness of the accident, remained motionless.

Suddenly a figure clad in a policeman's uniform was seen pushing its way from the other end of the wharf. "John Dolan" was the murmur which passed around the crowd.

Ah, he has jumped! The crowd hold their breath. The little body has not risen and he has to wait, the water meantime

soaking into his uniform and making it very heavy.

"He has him," cries a voice from the wharf, as John grasps the rising body.

But again the crowd is hushed into breathless suspense. The weight of the struggling child with the weight of his heavy water-soaked uniform is making John's progress very difficult. They are getting nearer and nearer the edge of the wharf, but can he reach it? He is swimming very slowly now and apparently with great effort.

"They're safe!" Cheer after cheer rises from the throat of the motley crowd on the stifling air. The mother clasps her child to her breast frantically, the muddy water trickling in a little stream down the front of her gown. John, looking as sheepish as if had done something worthy of the "lock-up," hurries away as fast as his wet clothes will let him. The mother, after the first paroxysm of joy is over, turns to thank and bless the rescuer, but he is no where to be seen.

"Well, if John Dolan hasn't added another laurel to his crown," exclaimed one of two gentlemen who had walked up at the last, attracted by the evident excitement of the crowd. "I can't begin to tell you the number of people he has saved from drowning right

NOTE.—The prize referred to was offered by Hon. W. H. Landes, a Trustee of the Mary Baldwin Seminary.

here in New York. He's one of the bravest fellows I ever saw. Has been in the service for years, is only a roundsman, you know "

* * * * *

" Well, if that ain't you, at last, John Dolan; and sure you've been savin' somebody else " A tall, gaunt woman, faced him as he came in.

" And where's the money to come from to get a new uniform, I'd like to know. But, oh John," and a tenderer look suddenly came over her face, " you oughtn't to be always doin' it, you might drown yourself some time, you know. Who was it this time? "

" A little boy that fell over the wharf," John answered meekly. " A little mite of a boy that had been sick, too."

A mixture of pride and anger was in her face as she said half-laughing and half-weeping :

" Oh, a little boy, well of course I'm that proud of you. That makes twenty-nine; I know because I've kept them all put down in the big Bible. First, there was that beautiful young lady what was an only child, and her father and mother would have gone crazy if you hadn't saved her. Then there was the little curly-haired boy in the blue sailor suit, and the man what had a wife and seven children and nobody to care for them but him. And the man that couldn't get work and tried to drown himself that dark night. And a gratefuller man I never saw than he was when you saved him and got him work to do. But come on this minute and take off them wet clothes."

This having been done and some hot coffee set before him she began again :

" The land knows where money for a new uniform is coming from. I don't mind being pinched, but there just ain't no money to get a new one. It's hard enough to get along anyway; you know how you have to do without your coffee for dinner now, because there ain't money to buy it. And I've worn my bonnet with the big yellow daisies in it for five years. And uniforms do cost a sight of money, but still I'm that proud of you. What are all the lazy cowards doing that somebody else can't jump in besides you? "

" But Jane ——— "

" Then somebody else would have to buy uniforms."

" They do say as Teddy is going to furnish new uniforms for those that gets theirs ruined by saving people from drowning, but I don't know as ——— "

Here there was a knock at the door and in answer to the " Come in " the two gentlemen who had stood on the edge of the crowd entered.

" Been at your old business, haven't you, John? " one of them asked. " This is our new President of the Police Board. Mr. John Dolan and Mrs. Dolan, Mr. Roosevelt "

" What! not 'Teddy'? " exclaimed Mrs. Dolan unconsciously.

" Teddy " laughed as he gripped John's hand.

" Keep on with your brave work, my friend, not as roundsman any longer, but as sergeant," were the President's parting words.

And John celebrated *his* promotion by saving his thirtieth life the next week.*

NORA BLANDING FRASER.

*Founded on fact.



Calendar.

SEPTEMBER—

6. Beginning of the school year.
7. Arrival of Texas delegation.
20. Rev. G. B. Strickler, D. D., was a guest at the Seminary.
21. Reception given by the Y. W. C. A. to the young ladies of the Seminary.
29. Lecture, "Sunshine and Shadow," delivered by Mr. A. W. Hawks at the Y. M. C. A.

OCTOBER—

4. Holiday in commemoration of Miss Baldwin's birthday.
- 12, 13, 14. Confederate Reunion held in Columbian Hall.
13. Reorganization of the M. B. L. S.
19. "Our Regiment," presented by the D. A. R., in Staunton Opera House.
20. Organization of the Golf Club.
25. The wedding of Miss Annabel Timberlake, a former student at the Seminary, and Mr. Thomas Hogshead, of Staunton, took place in the First Presbyterian Church.
27. Reception given by the officers of the Literary Society to the members.

NOVEMBER—

3. Organization of the Pen and Pencil Club.
11. First meeting of the Literary Society.
- 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. Lecture on Parliamentary Law at the Y. M. C. A.
24. "Longfellow Evening," given by the pupils of Elocution, under the direction of Miss Frost.
25. German given by Misses Lucile Insley and Florence Williams.

DECEMBER—

8. Orange party given by Miss Annie Macfarlane.
15. Entertainment given by the Elocution pupils.
21. Beginning of the Christmas holidays.
- 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31. Feasts—morning, afternoon and night.
27. Entertainment given by the Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church.
28. Feast given (?) by Miss Eugenia Harvey.
31. Watch-Night Party given by Miss Claire Myton.

JANUARY—

1. Formation of the Good Resolution Club.

JANUARY—

- 5 "Eugene Field Evening," given by the Elocution pupils, assisted by Miss Frost.
10. "A cup of chocolate," given to the Missionary Class, by Miss M. D. Riddle.
12. Coffee at the Y. M. C. A.
12. Banquet given by Miss Adele Cayce.
- 19 Annual meeting of the Literary Society for the election of officers.
22. The Tragedy of Clocks, enacted in Chapel.
25. Soirée given by pupils of Prof. Hamer.
26. Sequel.
30. Holiday given in commemoration of Miss McClung's birthday.
30. Banquet given by C. O. D. Club.

FEBRUARY—

- 2 Coffee at the Y. M. C. A.
9. Feast given by Miss Cecilia Woods. "Yell."
14. St. Valentine entertainment given by the Literary Society.
- 16 Reception given by the P. P. C. in Studio.
- 22 Soirée given by the pupils of Prof. Eisenberg.
23. Revolutionary Reception given by the Literary Society.
28. The clandestine meeting of the water buckets along the stairs of Memorial Hall.

MARCH—

1. The Stonewall Band gave a complimentary concert to the young ladies of the Seminary.
2. Coffee at the Y. M. C. A.
8. Herrman, the Great, at the Opera House.
- 12 "Heart and Sword" presented at the Opera House.
- 19 Entertainment at the Y. M. C. A.
22. Soirée given by the pupils of Miss Hopkins.
27. Polk Miller for supper.
27. Lecture given by Polk Miller at the Y. M. C. A.
28. Recital given by the pupils of Miss Frost.
30. Coffee at the Y. M. C. A.

APRIL—

1. "All's well."
- 5 Reception at the Kalorama.
- 6 Entertainment given by the Literary Society.
10. Departure of the Washington party.
12. "The Blue and the Gray," presented by the Augusta Guards, at the Opera House.
12. The Washington party attended Vaudeville in that city.
12. Neapolitan ice-cream for dinner.
13. Coffee at the Y. M. C. A.
13. Return of the Washington party.
14. We did not go to church.
17. Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, of Virginia, addressed the young ladies of the Seminary.

APRIL,—

19. Soirée given by the pupils of Miss Leeb. Also, a French Play, under the direction of Mlle. Emmerich.
20. The presentation of prizes for the best story and poem at the Literary Society meeting.
27. An entertainment given by the P. P. C.
27. Rev. W. W. Moore was a guest at the Seminary over Sunday.

MAY—

3. Graduation Soirée.
4. Reception to the Literary Society.
25. Art Reception.
25. Banquet given to the Editors of the "Annual."
26. Baccalaureate Sermon.
27. Commencement Soirée.
28. Commencement Exercises.
28. "Good-bye."



PRIZE POEM.

A Song of the Mountains.

Blow, ye mountain breezes, blow
Through the pine trees softly sighing,
Mystic music never dying,
Lingering notes so weird and low.

Blow, ye fairy zephyrs, blow,
On your airy billows bringing
Melody of birds' sweet singing
Down to men who toil below.

Blow, oh Boreas, bravely blow,
With the tree tops swaying, bending,
Homage to Aurora sending,
Sun-kist in a rosy glow.

Blow, ye mountain breezes, blow,
Waft to all the happy message,
Whispered by the trees in passage,
"Live on heights if ye would grow."

NORA BLANDING FRASER.

NOTE —Mr. Arista Hoge, a Trustee of the Mary Baldwin Seminary,
offered the prize referred to

A Martyred Maid.

I.



THE whole world is wrapped in slumber as the grey dawn breaks over a little town in the east of France. The cottages begin to show here and there through the dim light, and the spire of the parish church, which stands alone, glistens with the first beams of the morning sun. As the feeble rays struggle through the stained windows, they are caught as by molten gold and form a halo around the shining hair of a maiden, who kneels devoutly in front of the high altar. The church is otherwise entirely deserted, not even the pious priest has yet come to offer his morning prayer. The loneliness and stillness of the old church are oppressive but the young girl heeds them not, as, with her crucifix clasped tightly before her, she repeats her "Ave Maria" with the greatest devotion. Soon she stirs, and brushing back a loosened lock of hair, sighs—ah, such a sigh!—and a tear trickles slowly down each cheek. What burden of the soul can cause

such "Tears from the depth of divine despair" to flow from the eyes of one so young?

Could we but see her inmost soul we would know that it was rent with anxiety for her country; who will save it, she knows not, but it is enough, "The Lord will provide."

Even while she wonders a bright light fills the chancel, the vision of a shining angel appears; he holds in one hand a sword and waves it toward the west, while with the other he points to herself. Can it be true? Does he mean that she shall lead the hosts to victory? Shall *she*, a mere *girl*, command *men*? But before her thought is finished the angel vanishes and with a heavenly smile leaves in its place a wreath of laurel, which in its turn, slowly disappears as if consumed by fire; and the maid is once more alone. She trembles, and bowing her head, begins once more to tell her beads, but this time with a calm expression of victory over the tempter of her soul.

II.

See the lines of soldiers! The girl-captain is this morning reviewing her troops.

Here she comes! Her steel armor glisten-

ing in the sun, and her consecrated sword hanging by her side, while her holy banner floats above her head. Her long hair streams in the breeze and her blue eyes sparkle with energy, as she gives her commands with a self-respecting, yet withal a modest air.

Soon all is ready for the attack. Like Henry of Navarre, in years to come, she urges her men on with the words, ' Follow the white plume in my helmet till it leads you to victory.' On she rushes through the thick of the fray, with missiles flying about her in all directions.

See the besiegers are beaten back. But, no,—it is only for a moment. She orders a ladder to be raised ; it is brought, but the men refuse to mount. What matter ? She is as agile as any. There she goes, her white plume nodding defiantly to the crowds below. Her soldiers, inspired by the sight, hasten to follow her. Ladders are put all along the wall and mounted, in spite of the desperate efforts of the enemy to prevent their gaining such a vantage ground.

But a confused mass suddenly gathers to one spot. The French will flee—the wounds of their leaders cause them to believe that she has been bewitched by the Evil One in order to lead them to destruction. She hears their

murmurs and understands the cause and then with one supreme effort stands upright. With the struggle strength seems to come, and after a short prayer for support she is again at the front.

Nothing could have been more convincing, if she had been restored to them from the arms of death, surely God must be for them, and if so, what could avail against them ?

A violent volley from the walls, then all is quiet ; their ammunition is exhausted. But help is at hand for the beleaguered city ; another short struggle, and the English are beaten back. A loud shout goes up to heaven from throats parched from both hunger and powder. " Hurrah for the Maid of Orleans ! "

III.

A great crowd is assembling in the market place at Rouen. What can be the excitement ?

Ecclesiastic jostles soldier in his wild eagerness to force his way to the front, and when he reaches it, what a sight meets his eyes ! A young girl bound to a stake, her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to heaven in earnest supplication. As the flames begin to play around her, how much does the agonized look of this face resemble the one we saw but a short while ago, pleading for her country and its salvation. Her prayer is being

answered with her own blood, but she shows not her anguish except by her glorified countenance, as all the purity, earnestness and religion of her short life seem to meet in those flames and to shed a kindly radiance over the motley crowd.

Even while they gaze some relent, ex-

claiming, "Truly she was sent of God, why have we destroyed her?" Why, indeed? Except in order that she might be the "martyr to her religion, her country, and her kind," this warlike gentle Maid of Orleans

MARGARET HARTMAN KABLE.



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The Power of Song.

A handsome prince, in a forest glade
Lighted by love's own ray,
Thought of a princess fair and sweet
And sang Sylvia all the way.

He came 'neath her window, in the pale moonbeams,
There where white roses climb,
Soft eyes looked out, far brighter than
The gems round her white throat twined.

He sang of the ardent love he bore,
In soft sweet accent trill'd,
Till to him at last a message came
While her heart with love was filled.

So he won his bride by love and song,
From Heinault, so they say,
And now in a palace grand and fair
She sings Victor all the day.

EVELYN WITHROW CHASE.



A Race in the Dark.



THE sun is fast sinking in the west, hiding the light of one of the most beautiful days of summer, as a long excursion train, filled with passengers, is moving swiftly to its destination. No one of the travellers could fail to admire the exquisite beauty of the landscape, rendered a thousand times fairer by "the low-descending sun" and several are standing out on the back platform with their eyes fixed eagerly on the view. Let us take a look at these few.

Conspicuous among them is a noble, martial-looking figure, to whom every one seems to pay a great deal of attention, and to feel highly honored whenever addressed by him, even on a trivial subject.

With one hand grasping the railing stands an old man with long, flowing beard, almost looking into that home beyond where there is no sorrow. Beside him a middle-aged lady with a pale, thin, face, and dark wistful eyes, is drinking in the glorious beauty.

There in one corner is one who would be selected anywhere for a school-teacher, and near-by a mother stands, holding by the hand a child of about ten years.

In the other corner one sees a different

sight. A young man of about twenty-four, marked by his uniform as one of the railway officials, has just come out and is talking earnestly to a piquant little brunette with the prettiest teeth and the reddest lips imaginable. They present quite a contrast, as he himself is tall and broad-shouldered, with deep-grey eyes, and a touch of firmness around the well-shaped mouth. The subject of their conversation we would not dare guess, but after the train enters the mile and a quarter tunnel, the little hand rests a moment in the larger, before, with a gentle reproach, she takes it away.

A mile of the tunnel has been safely passed when a shock occurs which throws nearly every one from the seats. The train has stopped; what can be the matter? Every man rushes to the front to see what the trouble is, but there "confusion worse confounded reigns supreme." After considerable delay the results are made known. One of the wheels has locked and they are truly in a "hot box," but, besides that, no damage has been done to the engine.

"We'll be out of here in an hour," says the conductor, cheerily, but suddenly he turns pale, and looking hurriedly at his watch, calls out: "Men, who of you can—will—oh, Heavens! The next train is due here in ten minutes, and how can we stop it? Who can

go back through the tunnel and flag the train ? ”

There is a minute pause and then a voice calls out:

“ I, sir,” and, without a word more Karl Howard, our young official, starts out upon his dangerous run, probably his last.

Ten minutes ! Could he make it ? He must ; there was no question about it. Had it not been by his persuasion that Kitty Marshall, the sweetest little girl in the world, had with her mother, gone on this excursion, and now, should he be the cause, though the indirect one, of her death ? How slowly he gets along ! Far off he can see the other end of the tunnel, but here all is darkness. Once he slips, and narrowly escapes falling, but bravely he struggles on. He has accomplished but three-fourths of his run when a sound is heard

that strikes terror to his soul. It is the whistle of the oncoming train. His heart seems to stand still with fear, but in reality he redoubles his efforts. Now he is almost there, and hope springs up within him, when just then he catches sight of the engines as it rounds a curve a quarter of a mile from the tunnel. It is a little late, and is moving with extra speed to make up for lost time. To him it seems as if it were coming like lightning. A moment more, and the contest will be decided. Shall life or death win ? He reaches the end of the tunnel, and, taking out of his pocket a handkerchief much too small to be his own, waves it frantically to the train now almost upon him.

Kitty is saved !

CELIA MASON TIMBERLAKE.



A Myth.



ANY, many years ago, in the almost forgotten days, in the peaceful valley of Amor there lived a gentle maiden and a happy shepherd boy, who loved each other. There had been with them no sudden glow of love, for they had grown together and their love had simply increased with their years. They rambled together over the flowering fields and talked together in the shade of the drooping willows. Their voices were as happy as the song of the brook at their feet and their faces as bright as the sunbeams. Love, joy and freedom were theirs, and youth and hope.

But one day when the soft winds were rustling the leaves of the honeywood trees in the peaceful valley, the maiden wandered across the fields alone, dreaming day-dreams. Everything sang to her of love—the stream, the birds, the flowers. But presently, as she sat beneath a blossoming tree, a strong voice—stronger than the voices of all the birds and flowers—came to her across the meadows, singing :

“ Maiden, maiden, be my love,

And I'll carry thee far to the worlds above,
For I am the King of the Winds ”

She listened and the voice grew gentler, and as it told her of its love, its warm breath caressed her cheek. But the maiden remembered her shepherd lad and said “ No ” to the King of the Winds. Suddenly the tenderness of the voice vanished and its tone grew loud, then louder till it swayed the trees in the meadow, as it sang :

“ E'en if you will not be my love,

Yet I'll carry thee far to the world above,
For I am the King of the Winds.”

Louder and louder grew the voice of the wind. A terrible tempest raged in the valley ; the trees swayed, the stream rushed on between its sliding banks, and all called to the maiden of Fear and Hate ! And suddenly a chariot made of a circle of winds came down and bore the maiden upward, upward to the dizzy heights of the sky.

And far in the east the winds lulled and the chariot rested. The King of the Winds looked far out into the vast expanse and the maiden's eyes followed his. She saw in the distance a pale white ship approaching. On-

ward it sailed, coming ever nearer, nearer till at last it reached the haven where the King of the Winds and the maid were. Then once more the Wind King sang :

“ E'en if you will not be my love,
Yet you shall sail through the world above,
Yes, you shall sail and sail alone,
In a ship of silver all my own,
Far from your shepherd love below
You shall be wafted, now fast now slow,
By me, the King of the Winds.”

So the maiden boarded the snow white ship and sadly dreaming of her shepherd lad, sailed out into the west.

And now she dwells in her silver ship and sails across the sky. Her heart beats no more with love ; it is cold and her face is pale. And each night the shepherd lad sits in the valley and gazes at his love as she sails in her moon-ship on the cloud waves of the sky.

JESSE LEACHE HAWKS.





A little lad and lass there were,
Both very loath to part ;
And Cupid peeping through the leaves
Armed with a golden dart.

The lad would tell the lass good-bye,
But knew not what to say ;
The lass was coy, and drooped her lids—
She knew no other way.

The lass's lips were rosy-red—
No one was there to see ;
And if he touched them just but *once*,
Why what harm *could* there be ?

A little sound—a quick “Oh, don't !”
And Cupid cried “What fun !”
Then raising up his little bow
He made *two* small hearts *one*.



Mistress Roberta St. Johns.



If one should chance to pay a visit to the quaint little town of X, nestled, as it is, among the foot hills of the Blue Ridge, among the things which would appeal to his interest, would be an old mansion near the outskirts of the town. Some how or other, one feels that there must be a bit of interesting history connected with the former inhabitants of the old place, and, on inquiring, I was told the following incident :

In the happy, prosperous days before the terrible outbreak of civil strife and bloodshed, this old mansion had been the centre of life and gaiety. Its owner, the wealthiest of the planters around, dispensed in its spacious halls such hospitality that this place proved to

be by far the most attractive of all the neighboring plantations. But the generous hospitality of the host and his genial disposition were not the only things which made it a favorite resort of all, especially, I might add, of the young gallants of 1860. Miss Roberta St. Johns was, in the opinion of all, beautiful and very charming.

At the beginning of the Civil War, she was just sixteen, a most enthusiastic little rebel, and full of life and daring. The first two years of the war, proved, in her case, not especially eventful. During the third year, when our beloved Southland needed so sorely the aid of every true Southerner, it was she who removed from her father's path the obstacles which had hitherto prevented him from enlisting, and released from these hindrances, he gladly obeyed his country's call,

although, by so doing, he knew that his beloved wife and daughter, would be left alone on that great plantation with only a few faithful slaves as protectors. Soon after his enlistment the scene of part of the war was transferred to the very vicinity in which the St. Johns lived. A large division of the enemy's army took up its position near the little village, while further beyond, the Confederate army lay encamped. In order that no intelligence might be received by the Confederate commander from the inhabitants of the town, Northern soldiers were ordered to maintain a rigid blockade. A detachment of soldiers guarded the town, the headquarters of the commander of this detachment being the old St. Johns plantation. The heart of this gentleman was not proof against the charms of the lady Roberta, and in a short time he had made a passionate avowal of his love, which, however, the young lady received with silent scorn. Meanwhile, the situation of the Southern army, their expected forces not having arrived, grew more and more serious. Time passed and the Northern General determined by a strategic movement to surprise and overwhelm the Confederate forces. There were several points, however, to be looked into before his campaign could be definitely determined, and for information concerning

these, he depends on the commander of the garrison stationed in the village. The active brain of Miss Roberta is not long in detecting these facts. A few nights later when her would-be lover comes to the house, she discovers that he has then on his person the precious documents so valuable to the Confederates at this period, and which if delivered, as he intended they should be before dawn to the Northern General, would inevitably prove the destruction of the Southern troops. "All is fair in love and war," thought Miss St. Johns, and her plan is quickly formed. The heart of the young officer beat high with hope as he listened that night to a declaration of her love for him, from the lips of his beautiful little Southerner. How affectionate a farewell he was permitted to take. Then the poor deluded youth departed to build fair castles in Spain, little dreaming that in the midst of his fond embrace his lady, doubtless laughing in her sleeve, had slipped her treacherous little hand into his pocket and procured the coveted papers. Once in her possession, how to get them delivered to the General was the question. In the morning they would be of no value. The General must receive the news that very night, and there was no time to seek another messenger. Her hesitation did not last long, and stealing out into the

night, the girl started on her perilous ride. It is needless to describe the terror of that ride. Several times she almost turned back, but the thought of her country nerved her to proceed. At last, thanks to her superb horsemanship, and a kind providence which seemed to be shielding her, by skirting the line of the enemy and thus avoiding detection, she arrived at the Confederate commander's camp and delivered into his hands the important documents. Refusing the escort of any soldier, knowing that if caught, his life would be the penalty, she started on her return.

This time fate was not so kind.

It was about dawn, and, being seen crossing the lines, she was brought before the commanding General with only the poor excuse of having been to get a doctor for her sick mother. Pity for her youth and beauty must have stirred the stern soldier's breast, and, knowing that whatever mischief she had been engaged in, was already done, he dismissed her, with a solemn warning never to be seen near the camp again. Her promise in the affirmative was hardly necessary, however, for ere long the result of her night's work was revealed to the Northern General in no agreeable way. Instead of being, according to his plan, the aggressor, he himself was attacked,

and finding the climate in that vicinity rather warm, even though it was winter, he determined that it might be better for the general health of his soldiery, to retire from those quarters. Meanwhile the young officer, severely reprimanded for want of vigilance, went back to his Northern home, carrying a heart which had in it little room for faith in women, or, at least, in Southern women. As for Miss St. Johns, her brave deed won for her the admiration of all, and the heartfelt thanks of both the General and the soldiers of that part of the army, to which her act had proved so great a blessing.

Let us look forward a few years after this event. The story of this girl had in some way gotten into the foreign newspapers. An old Scotch lady, wealthy and of noble blood, reading the account, sent across the waters, a diamond ring together with a congratulatory note, as a token of her sincere admiration for Miss St. Johns. Now it chanced that the lady had a son, highly gifted with attractiveness of character, together with good looks. Being of a restless disposition, after Peace had once more spread her wings over our fair hills and valleys, he decided to travel in America, and by way of passing time, to visit the town in which lived the young lady in whom his

mother felt so much interest. He followed out his plans, and not long after we find him standing in front of the hotel of the little village, gazing idly at the passers-by. Suddenly we see a look of interest come into his eyes. Looking up we see the object which exerts this interest, a young girl with golden hair, a face aglow with animation, and bright, saucy

looking eyes—in fact, such a girl as one dreams of, but rarely sees. We hear our young man mutter, with a low whistle of admiration, "If that were Roberta St Johns, by Jove, I'd——." It was Roberta St Johns and we shall leave you to guess the sequel of my story.

MARY EPPES ROBERTSON.



The Soul's Query.

Oh, is there no place in this sad, sinful world,
Where a soul from its grief and its woe may find rest,
Where the billows of trouble and pain have ne'er rolled,
Nor the shackles of sin kept its captives oppress?

Oh, canst thou not tell, thou dark, troubled Sea,
Hast not found in thy wand'rings some lone, little spot,
Some place where my sorrow, my sin would all flee,
And my anguish and torment would all be forgot?

But the Sea murmurs, "No," with a sob in its tone,
"There is no place on earth where your sins are forgiven,
Look not unto man, but to *God-man* alone,
In *Heaven* there's *rest* and there's *pardon* in *Heaven*."

MARGARETT HARTMAN KABLE.



A decorative horizontal flourish with symmetrical, ornate scrollwork and leaf-like patterns at both ends, framing the text.

Notches in the Crane.

Concerning Clocks.



ONCE upon a time, there was an alarm clock which stood upon a shelf in Mr. X's store and ticked quietly to itself. It was a happy little clock. Its face was bright and new and it ticked smoothly and peacefully. This was probably the reason that a lady with dark hair, a black bonnet and a market-bag selected it from among its companions, saying, "The girls up at the Seminary are so late to break fast that we have at last persuaded them to purchase alarm clocks. Yes, this one will do, thank you."

Its home was changed now and it was placed on a table among a great pile of books, in a room occupied by two girls. Its alarm

was set for six o'clock each morning and it faithfully performed its duties.

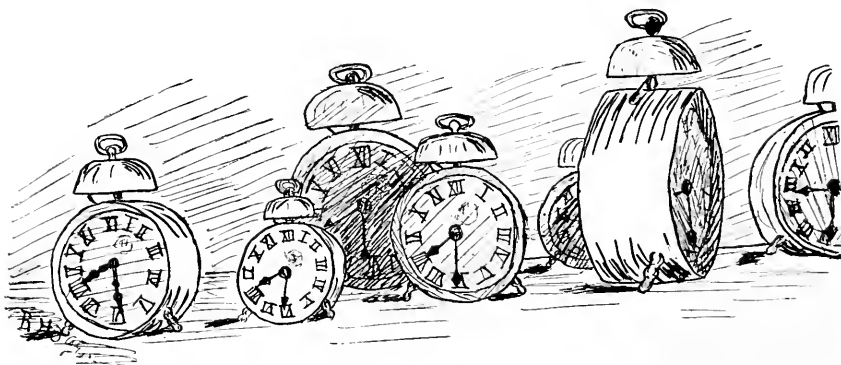
One day, a tall girl with dark hair and a very high pompadour, put it under her golf cape and carried it down the hill, through a long covered way, up a flight of steps to a large room called "chapel." When here, she put it in the very bottom of a waste-paper basket far away from sight. The poor little clock was in despair. Why was it so treated? Had it not always performed its duties well? At about half-past eight o'clock, it heard one of its brothers give an alarm and about thirteen or fourteen companions answer him. Anxious to be taken out of that uncomfortable position, it, too, gave an alarm, long and loud. Presently, a very tall lady with gray hair came into the room. She seemed vexed

about something. The room was filled with girls and they all looked scared and pale.

All the clocks were gathered in a great heap and carried to a dark dark room. They were never again wound. The jingle and the tinkle of their alarms was never heard again. They had destroyed the quiet in "study-hall," and were put in shameful disgrace, to suffer all the rest of their days. And whose fault was it? That is the question.

What mortal cranks,
To them no thanks,
In some fell hour invented pranks?
This be their doom,
In some dark room,
In darkest shades of endless gloom,
To take their stand,
With clocks in hand,
Amid a sorrowful, sighing band,
And vainly wind them, o'er and o'er,
And alarms to hear for evermore.

ELIZABETH OGLE.





Prize Sketch——In the Land of Dream.

NOTE—Mr. Albert Shultz offered the prize referred to.







The "Memorial" Affair.



Dressing for Commencement.



Seminary from Sears' Hill.

School Song.

M. B. S., the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring
As we join the mighty chorus
Full and strong.
Though our paths divided be
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of sweetest school girl days,
The M. B. S.

On the hillside green it stands,
Beacon light to distant lands,
While the colors floats above it
Fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near
Pay a loving tribute here,
Fame has wreathed the portals old
Of M. B. S.

CHORUS.

White and yellow float forever,
Colors bravest and the best
Hark ! the echoes catch the strain
Lending back the glad refrain
White and yellow float forever,
M. B. S.



?

Oli Baldwin's is the place for us,
Just give us our dear school,
Where all the girls are bright and sweet
And never break a rule.

“Merci !”

To a Brick-House Girl.

By E. L. H.

I've eaten Delmonico salad—

Have feasted on Sherry's fine food,
Believe me, my dear, when I tell you
That neither have tasted as good
As the dainty repast which you brought me

Last night, as the bell rang at ten :
Poor teachers do sometimes get hungry
And one of these teachers was—then.

The salad and turkey, delicious,

Have vanished—as snow-flakes in June :
But kindness will not be forgotten
And mem'ry is ever attune.

No pirate am I, but I pilot

Fair shipping upon the high C's
Your china, my dear, I'm returning
Merci, mille fois, if you please.

An Evening Reverie.



THE church steeple rises in the distance ; the vesper bell chimes softly. The evening air is still ; the birds have sung their little ones to sleep, and the ants, those tiny children of the earth, have gone to rest to the music of the blue bells waving in the breeze.

Now after the day with its many sounds comes the night with its unheard harmony. " The ploughman homeward plods his weary way ; " the lonely forester leaves his axe in the tree and turns towards his humble hut. " The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," the tired farmer leads it home. His good wife awaits him at the gate ; the little children play at her feet in their joyous freedom ; the babe in her arms laughs and crows with delight. " Father is coming home ! " the children cry and run to meet him.

The curtain of darkness falls over the earth. The stars, one by one, leave their hiding-places and smile in the heavens. The tender young moon sails across the sky like a ship laden with silver. The cottagers sleep peacefully with the consciousness of work well done. The old men dream of their youthful days—the young men of their hopes yet to be fulfilled. The spirit of night broods over the earth and all is silence, peace and rest. Why must morning come ? Bustling, busy, energetic morning—with the crowing of cocks and the cackling of hens, the clink of the hammer on the anvil and the sound of the axe on the root of the tree, the voices of children on their way to school and the songs of the negroes as they go to the cotton fields ? Not peaceful morning, but happy, busy morning ! Energy and bustle make the world go round, yet peace and quiet are the balm that makes it go smoothly.

J. L. H.



A Decided Mixture.



CENE : On the road to Mandalay.

Discovered, Tommy Atkins resting under the only tree in sight.

Tommy, soliloquizing : On the whole, it's not a paying business, this soldiering in India. I'm told they talk of giving us fires and free rations, but they will take it out in talk. Keep your comforts and give me civil treatment. Here, last pay day I go down to Lucknow, to see the show. I'll never do it again. "Keep the drunken soldier out" Oh yes, it's "Tommy this and Tommy that, but it's Saviour of his country when the guns begin to shoot."

Shrill Voice, at side : And you, a British soldier, young man !

Tommy, after an amazed pause : Oh yes'm. I am one of Missis Victoria's sons, and it's a good deal more than I'm fond of being too, ma'am.

Shrill Voice . Why, I am surprised to see so little patriotism. Perhaps you do not know that I am Miss Betsy Trotwood, of Dover, aunt of the distinguished author, David Copperfield. You say this is the first time you have heard of him? Little did I think the ignorance of India was so dense.

Pray accept this volume of his essays. It will amply repay any trouble you may find in carrying it, for a most powerful delineator of character, is my nephew.

Sir Walter Raleigh, walking from behind the tree : Permit me, distinguished ma'am, to tell you that in my humble opinion, Master David Copperfield is most worthy among our later writers.

Miss Trotwood : Oh, thank you, my lord, thank you. It is indeed flattering to hear the praise of so distinguished a person as—

Cicero, appearing from the other side of the tree : Ye gods and little fishes ! Is this Sir Walter Raleigh? Happy to meet you, greatest of English knights, of a race whose contemporary I am not, but whose types of manhood afford me constant entertainment. In you, I feel sure, sir, centres the soul of my fellow-countryman, Catullus, for by the theory of Pythagoras—but see a vision of beauty, 'tis Venus descending from Olympus !

Sir Walter Raleigh : Hold, madam, one moment, whilst I spread my cloak across that sticky clay.

Dorothy Manners : Thank you, kind sir ; you are very good, for I was but then wondering if my slippers were to be ruined. You see, of them I think highly, for his grace, my lord North, once stepped on one of them, at a ball given by Horace Walpole.

Miss Trotwood : Young woman, pray be quiet, your slippers are of minor importance. To steady your conversation, pray peruse these essays of the distinguished author, David Copperfield. Perhaps you did not know that I am his aunt? Do be quiet while I have a few words with Cicero. Sir, my nephew has read me your discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, and I think your intellect is wonderfully developed.

Cicero, gasping: Ah! the honor to Cicero whom the Cæsars were wont to praise! His mind is considered very fairly developed by Miss Betsy Trotwood! Worse than the insults of Cataline!

Dorothy Manners . Has my lord seen his latest portrait in the Royal Academy? 'Tis truly fine, made from a miniature found in Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber.

Gibson Girl, appearing from one side of the tree: Whose your friend in the red coat? Looks as sad as the girl he left behind him. Can you take me to see Rudyard Kipling, sir? I am really in love with that little poem, "Tommy Atkins," and want to see the author.

Tommy: At any rate, you see the original before you.

Gibson Girl: This is so sudden.

Dorothy Manners: How very mannish! Whom do you suppose she is, Sir Walter?

Sir Walter Raleigh: Perchance, a Mistress Clara Barton, a bold woman, giving to mixing with soldiers.

Billy Baxter, suddenly appearing on the scene: Oh, get off the earth, your old moss-back. That's Miss Pipp; her father is from America and is famous for having received an education.

Miss Trotwood . Famous for so trivial a thing! My nephew is famous for his essays, and I—

Billy Baxter: Shine with reflected glory. I'd give thirty cents to know that queerly-dressed chap. Looks like he'd seen better days.

Cicero: Possibly I can meet you. Let me see your pedigree a moment.

Billy Baxter: Humph, you've never been to America; that's certain.

Charon: Last call for dinner! Ferry-boat leaving in five minutes!

And Tommy sat for full five minutes watching the departing shades, Sir Walter Raleigh and Dorothy Manners leading the way, Miss Pipp and Billy Baxter bringing up the rear.

MARY HARMAN.



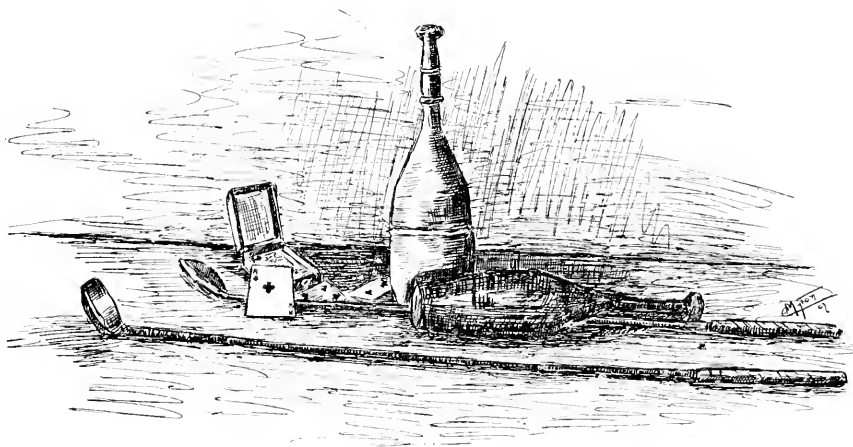
To My Love.

My lady love's eyes are my guiding stars
As I sail o'er love's changeful sea,
Their light, my pilot, that tells me when
The way will be fair for me.

Sail on, oh my heart
Though the waves be high,
My lady-love's true though free
And I'll know by the light in her starry eyes
When the way will be fair for me.

Her heart is the haven I long to reach
On the shore of love's changeful sea,
And I know by the light in her starry eyes
That that haven is open for me.







Motto :

Dum Vivimus, Vivamus.

Colors :

Royal Purple and Gold.

Flower :

Maréchal Niel.

PAULINE E. NIX, New York.
BIRDIE McCUTCHEON, Texas.
ELIZABETH STOREY, Texas.
KATHLEEN PHILLIPS, Florida.
RUTH KITTLE, West Virginia
ANNA DEE HOWELL, North Carolina.
JENNIE MOORE, Kansas.
CARRIE POPKESS, Georgia.
LUCILE INSLEY, Colorado.
HELEN HAWKS, Massachusetts.
ALDINE HOWELL, North Carolina.
NELL COCHRAN, New York.





V. G. C.

Colors :

Golf Red and White.

CLAIRE MYTON,

PRESIDENT.

PAULINE NIX,

VICE-PRESIDENT.

LUCILE INSLEY,

TREASURER

FLORENCE WILLIAMS,

SECRETARY.

EDITH SEYMOUR,

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

HELEN HAWKS,

RUTH KITTLE,

OLIVE LACKMAN,

STELLA DUTTON.

FLORENCE WILLIAMS.

LUCILE INSLEY,

BIRDIE McCUTCHEON.

EDITH SEYMOUR,

PAULINE NIX,

NELLIE COCHRAN,

BESSIE OSWALD,

CARRIE POPKESS,

ANNABEL LYLE,

CLAIRE MYTON,

LOUISE CARR.



Motto:

Edite, bibite et gaudete.

Colors :

Crimson and Black.

Flower :

Jacqueminot Rose.

- (5) HELEN MAR SCOTT, Maryland.
- (3) FANNIE WEBB ROYSTER, Virginia.
- (2) CECILIA WOODS, Georgia.
- (6) CLARA LOUISE CARR, North Carolina.
- LAURA REBEKAH BOYD, Georgia.
- (1) DORA ELLA WORTHINGTON, Alabama.
- (4) MARY STAMPS ROYSTER, Virginia.



C. O. D.

C. O. D.

Color :

Red.

Flower :

Red Carnation.

- (10) PAULINE E. NIX, New York.
- (5) STELLA DUTTON, Michigan.
- (13) WILLIE MAE TEAGUE, Texas.
- (2) JENNIE MOORE Kansas.
- (11) ADDIE HORTON, South Carolina.
- (8) LUCILE INSLEY, Colorado.
- (7) NELL COCHRAN, New York.
- (3) ELIZABETH STOREY, Texas.
- (1) ANNA DEE HOWELL, North Carolina
- (12) OLIVE LACKMAN, New York.
- (6) BIRDIE McCUTCHEON, Texas.
- (14) ALDINE HOWELL, North Carolina.
- (15) MAGGIE McFADDIN, Texas.
- (4) CARRIE POPKESS, Georgia.
- (9) WILLIE STEALEY, Washington.







P. P. C.

P. P. C.

ANNIEBELLE SCOTT,
PRESIDENT.

BIRDIE McCUTCHEON,
TREASURER.

PAULINE NIX,
SECRETARY.

PHOEBE JONES.
MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

CLAIRE MYTON,
PAULINE NIX,
BIRDIE McCUTCHEON,

PHOEBE JONES,
MARY EZELL,
ANNIEBELLE SCOTT,
ELIZABETH HATTON,
ESTELLE RICKER.









D. D. D.

Colors :

Red and Black.

ROSALIE McDERMONT,

PRESIDENT.

BESSIE OSWALD,

TREASURER.

CLAIRE MYTON,

SECRETARY.

BESSIE OSWALD,

ROSALIE McDERMONT,

NELL BROCKENBROUGH,

EDITH SEYMOUR,

CLAIRE MYTON,

CATHERINE SMITH,

PHOEBE JONES,

KATHERINE McDERMONT,

FLORENCE WILLIAMS,

MAYSIE FLEMING.





Grinds.

- One New Girl to Another.—"One more unfortunate."
- M. B. S.—" 'Twas Presbyterian true blue."
- History Class.—"Ours not to reason why
Ours but to do or die."
- Claire.—"She had a head to contrive, a
tongue to persuade and a hand to
execute any mischief."
- Rosalie.—"Rabbit."
- Lucile.—"Some flounce their curled hair in
courtly guise."
- W. & L. U. Boys.—"O, you chorus of in-
dolent reviewers, irresponsible, in-
dolent reviewers."
- Nell B.—"Cursed be he that moves my
feelings."
- Mayse F.—"Every gate is thronged with
suitors, all the markets overflow."
- Irene G.—"If I were loved, as I desire to
be "
- Senior Latin.—"To labor is the lot of man
below."
- Cecilia.—"For softness she and sweet attractive
grace."
- Catherine S.—"As good to be out of the
world as out of fashion."
- Cornelia.—"I love tranquil solitude and such
society as is wise and good."
- Jennie M.—"You have waked me too soon
I must slumber again."
- Lucy B. (in Latin class).—"The woman who
deliberates is lost."
- The Choir.—"Who as the sung, would take
the prison'd soul and lap it in
Elysium."
- Celia Mason—"Words are like leaves, and
where they most abound, much fruit
of sense beneath is rarely found."
- German Class.—"Sie sind der deutschen
sprache machtig (?)?"
- The Alarm Clock—"The ringing joy of the
Hall."
- Millicent.—"A rosebud set with little wilful
thorns."
- Estelyn.—"As fair as good."
- Mabel L.—"Pure at heart and sound in
head."
- Ruth and Helen.—"Her other heart, and al-
most her half-self, for still they moved
together, twinned as horse's ear and
eye."
- Pauline.—"A quick brunette, well-moulded,
falcon-eyed."
- Geometry Class.—"On the lecture slate, the
circle rounded under female hands
with flawless demonstration."
- Elith S.—"It is easier to be critical than to
be correct."
- Carrie.—"I am a part of all I have met."
- Willie Mae.—"Just a pinch of salt, please."

- Bessie O.—"Everybody's running after me."
 The Nannies.—"The three 'graces'."
 Physics Class.—"To the dogs with Physic(s)!"
 I'll none of it."
- Mary H.—"Of the various executive abilities."
- Theresa.—"Her feet beneath her petticoat like little mice stole in and out."
- Rebecca —"The intuitive decision of a bright and thorough edged intellect to part error from crime; a prudence to withhold."
- Mabelle.—"Magnificent spectacle of human happiness."
- Helen S.—"Her face, ah call it fair not pale."
- Mary Rob———I do but sing because I must."
- Robbie and Eddie Mae.—"And if he heard a song or instrument, then would he weep, he might not be stopped."
- Anna Dee.—"Ah, you flavor everything; you are the vanilla of society."
- Old Girls.—"Illustrious predecessors."
- John.—"Come then, expressive silence."
- Cameron.—"The windy satisfaction of the tongue."
- Ein Jones.—"What! are the ladies of your land so small."
- Allie H.—"She hath a hard-set smile."
- Mary Roy—r.—"Full of words and wit."
- Hortense.—"Like an angel heavenly she sang."
- M. B. S.—"Far from gay cities and the ways of men."
- Laura.—"In youth and beauty wisdom is rare."
- Elsie and Annabel.—"Oh, call it by some better name, for friendship sounds too cold."
- Ruth K.—"None but himself can be his parallel."
- Alma Wren and———"I saw and loved."
- Mary W.—"On their own merit modest men are dumb."
- Maisie I.—"I was never less alone than when by myself."
- Eugenia.—"These little things are great to little men."
- Louella.—"A man will turn over half a library to make one outline."
- Nell Cochran.—"Perfectly beautiful—let it be granted her. Where is the fault?"
- Florence W.—"His very step has music in 't as he comes up the stairs."
- Catherine Shu———"Ah, there are no longer any children."
- Ruth F.—"Here I stand I can do no other-wise."
- Nora.—"Whom not even critics criticise."
- Addie.—"Note the humorous touches."
- T. D. E.—"The Seminary's Select Six."
- Phæb.—"The elegant simplicity of the 3 per cents."
- Ada S.—"*Let us embrace.*"
- Mary E.—"Anniebel's baby."
- Reba B.—"Happy the man whose wish and care,
 A few paternal acres bound."

Albertis.—“Merry forever and ever and one day more.”

Chemistry Class.—“What matters science unto men? At least to us.”

Katherine McD.—“I did not care one straw, come of it what may.”

Texas.—“Much of a muchness.”

Elizabeth O.—“Sunny as her skies.”

Jessie H.—“The power of thought,—the magic of the mind.”

Ellie S.—“Exhausting thought, and living wisdom with each studious hour.”

The Howells.—“Nous sommes riches.”

Facultas.

Captain K.—“Whom well inspired, the oracle pronounc'd, truest of men.”

Miss Riddle.—“The dignity of history.”

Miss Strickler.—“O that iron will, that axe like edge unturnable ”

Miss Frost.—“Who erst in flowers of freshest youth was clad.”

Miss Chatterton.—“A dainty lady clad in scarlet red.”

Miss Williamson.—“Order is Heaven's first law.”

Mrs. Chase.—“As kind as kings on their coronation day.”

Miss Spaulding.—“Aldeborontephosphorio! Where left you Chrononohotoyhoton.”

Miss Bates.—“All the spirit deeply dawning in the darkness of her eyes.”

Prof. Beardsworth.—“Divinely small and still divinely fair.”

Miss Streit.—“Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it.”

Miss Hopkins.—“Like the morning star, full of splendour.”

Miss Tate.—“Short and sweet.”

Miss Critcher.—“The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd—and ease of heart her every look convey'd.”

Dr. Fraser.—“A better priest, I trow, there nowhere known is.”

Miss Leeb.—“Like a statue solid-set, moulded in colossal calm.”

Miss H. and Miss C.—“The endearing elegance of female friendship.”

Aunt Margaret.—“Fixed like a planet in her peculiar spot ”

John Smith.—“The people's parent, he protected all.”



Y. W. C. A.

1900-'01.

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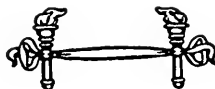
JANIE ALLISON WILLIAMS.

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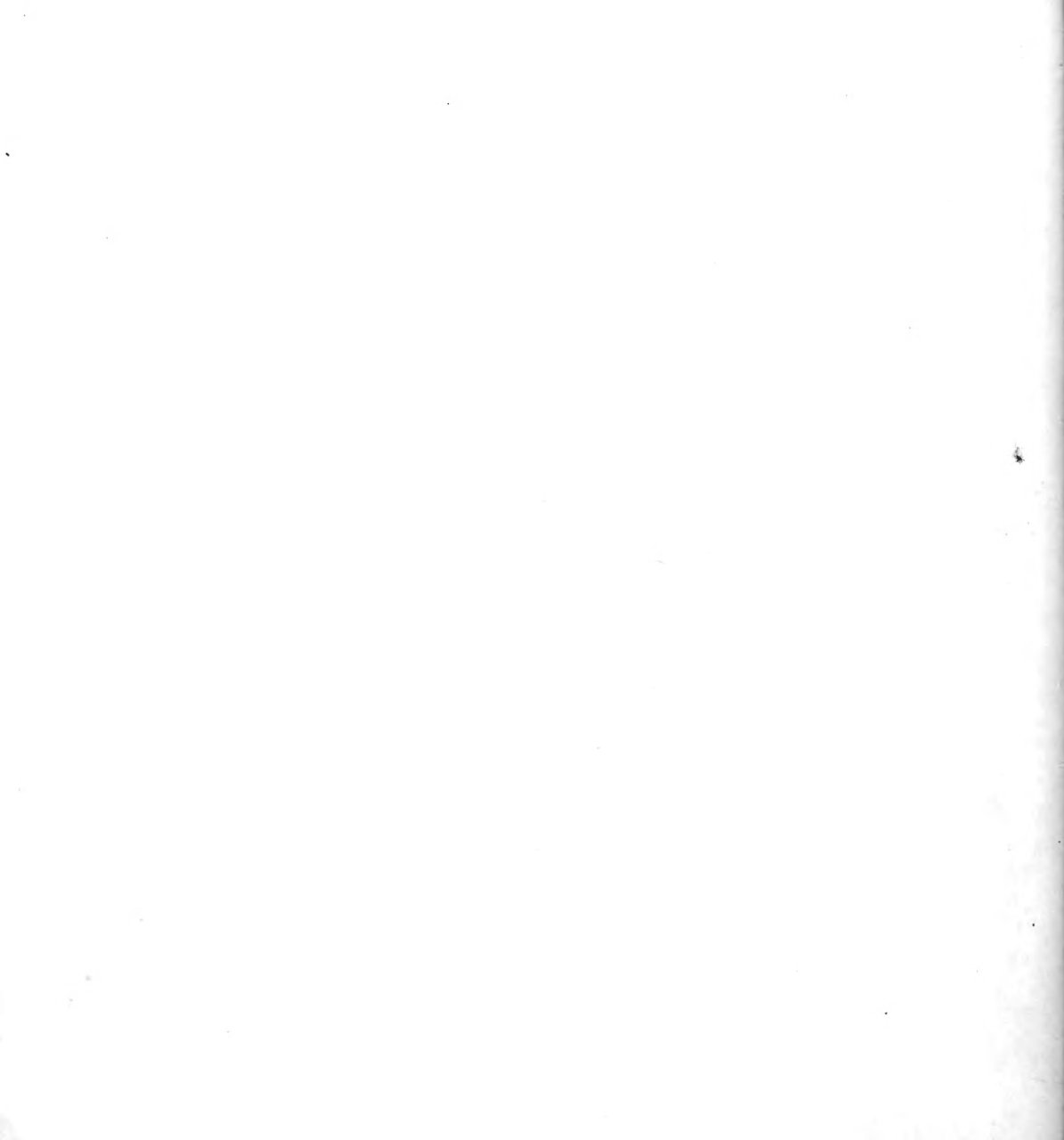
LUCY PARKE BROOKE.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY :

IRENE GILLIAM.







Lullaby.

Words by NORA FRASER.

Music by JOSIE GILKESON.



| | |
|--|---|
| Little one sleep, | Litt'e one sleep, |
| Rosy one sleep, | Rosy one sleep. |
| The birdies are dreaming, | The turtle dove's cooing |
| In the moonlight's soft gleaming, | A magical wooing |
| They're taking their rest, | Calls all to repose |
| In the warm cozy nest. Oh sleep, little one, | At the day's quiet close. Oh sleep, rosy one, |
| sleep. | sleep. |

Little one sleep,
 Rosy one sleep,
 The good God shall ward thee,
 His angels shall guard thee,
 He's over all
 No ill can befall. Oh sleep, little one, sleep.

Notes from Old Girls.

Marriages.

Jean Fuqua, to Governor Beckham, of Kentucky.

Carlotta Kable, to Mr. William H. Morris, Staunton, Va.

Annabelle Timberlake, to Mr. Thomas Hogshead, Staunton, Va.

Frances Paris, to Mr. McLaurin, Staunton, Va.

Mary Virginia Finks, to Mr. Downs, Waco, Texas.

Annie Snowden Carr, to Mr. George L. Lyon, Durham, N. C.

Mary Rett White, to Mr. Arthur Beverly Elliott, Savannah, Ga.

Ellen Robinson Riley, to Mr. Dabney Carr Harrison, December 1, 1900, Washington, D. C.

Lucile Kilby West, to Mr. Hampton H. Wray, September 20, 1900, Roanoke, Va.

Ruth Millard, to Mr. Henry D. Rummel, June 25, 1900, Baltimore, Md.

Harriet Payne Maxwell, to Mr. Hugh Jarvis, February 28, 1900, Point View, W. Va.

Priscilla Williams Bridges, to Mr. John Carmichael, June 6, 1900, Hancock, Md.

Beatrice Sinclair Chandler, to Mr. Alexander Taylor Patton, June 21, 1900, San Francisco, Cal.

Sophonra Stealey, to Mr. Samuel T. Park, December 8, 1900, Washington, D. C.

Marion Collins, to Mr. William Homer Greer, June 27, 1900, Pennsboro, W. Va.

Margaret Duke Watson, to Mr. James Huston Hall, Jr., June 12, 1900, Cincinnati, O.

Alice Mary Turner, to Mr. Robert Mackey Brockett, February 23, 1901, Kansas City, Mo.

Alice Walker Hudson, to Mr. Fred P. Frisbie, June 6, 1900, Lancaster, Ky.

Margaret Winters Crawford, to Mr. Edward McKim McCue, June 12, 1900, Augusta County, Va.

Nellie Brown, to Mr. Albert M. Keller, November 14, 1900, St. Louis, Mo.

Emma Mercier, to Mr. John Seymour Montgomery, April 24, 1900, Augusta, Ga.

May Dabnev, to Mr. Cutter, of California.
Harriet Babcock, to Mr. J. W. Hunt, Detroit, Mich.

Harriet Crook Hankins, to Mr. Morris Miles, Martin, Tenn., December, 1900.

Agnes Miller, to Mr. Hugh Sproul, Staunton, Va.

Ann Cochran, to Mr. Donb, at Staunton, Va.

Miss Florence Perrine, to Mr. Krowl at Upper Red Hook, N. Y.

Marguerite Moore West, to Mr. Joseph C. Morris, at Summit, Miss.

Notes from Old Girls.

Mary McIlwaine has been teaching at Newport News Seminary and is very successful.

Julia Armspough has been studying at Radcliffe College this year.

Abbie McFarland has had charge of a kindergarten class at Charlotte, N. C., this winter.

Nannie McFarland has been taking a course in French at Barnard College, N. Y. She passed a full entrance examination and was able to enter the most advanced class.

May Yost was a freshman at Vassar this year.

Helen Drone and Carrie Bell are teaching at Chatham, Va.

Bessie Summerson has a music class in Sumter, S. C.

Florence Kalkoff sailed for Europe in March and will spend several months in Italy.

Jacqueline Epes, who has been teaching at Woman's College, Columbia, S. C., will spend next session at Radcliffe.

Sadie Metze is working at the Students' Art League in New York and in a studio of her own.

Belle Scott has been teaching history in Statesville Female College, N. C., this year.

Annie Riddle is teaching in Bremin, Ga.

The following is from a letter from Celeste Elyse Wilder, of Charlotte, N. C. :

"I have just returned from Tennessee, where I went in December to be bridesmaid to Harriet Crook Hankins, of Martin, who mar-

ried Mr. Morris Miles, of Union City. She had just returned from a year's tour of Europe. She is now keeping house in Union City. Ethel Hatcher, of Columbia, Tenn., was also one of the attendants. She roomed at 'Hill-top.' I visited Olivia Barrow in Columbia, Tenn., where she reigns a belle. She gave me a large reception. In attendance were quite a few old M. B. S. girls. Annie and Rebecca Williamson, Elizabeth McLeMore, Ethel Hatcher, Emma Pate, of Knoxville, and Elizabeth Walker, of Franklin. Afterwards, Olivia Barrow and I visited Elizabeth Walker in Franklin, Tenn. In September Olivia and Elizabeth visited me here in Charlotte. May Hutchinson, of Columbus, Miss., has just lost her sister Irene (in March); she was also an M. B. S. girl. May is to visit Mrs. Crawford in Cincinnati in the month of June.

Mrs. Simpson Little (née Flora Pickett, of Canton, Ga.), is now keeping house in Knoxville.

Reba Bridges, of Hancock, Md., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bridges, at the Presbyterian College—her brother-in-law is president of the institution. She is now studying vocal music.

Abbie McFarland and her mother have been spending the winter with Mrs. McFarland's sister, just across the street.

Mildred Ellis, of Hickory, N. C., spent a day in Charlotte last week; she has been visiting at Gastonia, N. C.

Bessie Mickel, of Rutherfordtown, N. C., is staying with her sister here in town.

Edith Atkins, of Boydstown, Va., spent

several months here this winter with her sister, Mrs. Carson.

The coterie of old M. B. S. girls from Charlotte are :

Addie Mason—Mrs. A. L. Barron.

Lou Young—Mrs. A. L. Smith.

Sallie Young, Annie Barringer (died in '74).

Minnie Gibson—Mrs. Pope.

Annie Thoru—Mrs. Lobba Johnson.

Mildred Cabell Watkins.

Eloise Butt—Mrs. Cary Dowd.

Frances Butt—Mrs. Lawrence Johnston.

Laura Wadsworth—Mrs. Ed. Stitt.

Alice Holland, Pattie Alexander (died in '95), Violet Alexander, Julia Alexander.

Birdie Wilson—Mrs. A. S. Thompson.

Lou Robertson—Mrs. Eugene Graham.

Mattie Harris and Carolyne Wilder.

Helen Bridges, another M. B. S. girl, spent the winter here also.

May Dabney, formerly of Staunton, is married and lives in California. She is Mrs. Cutler.

Winifred Adderton, of Lexington, N. C., visited here last fall. She has spent part of the winter with Miss Amanda Cardwell, of Little Rock, Ark.

I sang in St. Peter's Episcopal Church on Easter Sunday. I expect to have my voice cultivated in New York City next winter."

Jodie Williams has been at school in Washington and Willie Hudson in New York.

Besse Brunson spent part of the winter in Staunton; she returned to her home, Charleston, S. C., in February.

Hattie Strayer visited the Seminary on her way to West Virginia.

Katherine Scott spent November and December in New York, returning home at Christmas to make her début.

Bettie Miller is at school at Oldfields, near Baltimore. During Lent she made her money playing chiropodist for the girls.

Sharp Williams spent the early winter with her father, Hon. John Sharp Williams, in Washington.

Permele Elliot has been travelling this winter.

Dora Northington is at school at Sans Souci, S. C.

Virginia Lucas, of Charlestown, W. Va., has paid visits to New York, Boston and Washington this year.

Lillie Logan Kean, after studying abroad for some years, is now teaching music at Peace Institute, N. C.

Libby Alby went to Korea in September; she writes much that is interesting of her life and work there.

Mildred Watkins is teaching at Woman's College in Charlotte, N. C.

Ruth Lee sailed for Brazil in September and is doing good work there.

Hallie Ogle has spent the winter in Washington with her cousin, Mrs. Hornsby.

Miss Mary Winchester Abbott, teacher of English '99-'00, has been studying at Smith College this year.

Miss Bates is at her home in Missouri with her mother.

Ellette Tenney made her début in Washington, in the fall.

Daisy Harris is studying music and history at her home in Charleston, W. Va.

Melva Chapman spent last summer in Wisconsin. She now lives in Carthage, Mo.

Lucile Barker is at Fairmount Seminary, Washington.

Bessie Scott is studying kindergarten in Chicago.

Ethel Smith is at Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

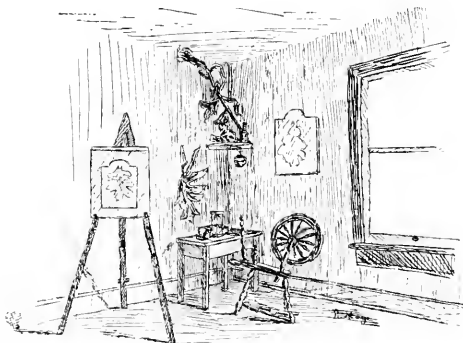
Helen Bowen sailed for Naples in April.

Mary Belle Clack is in Berlin studying music.

Merrill Proctor is studying music in Cincinnati.

Martha Bruce is teaching in Dorian, Ala.

Eleanor Preston graduates this year in medicine at Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.





Good Bye.

Farewell!

The hedgerows bloom
With April's rain,
Sweet Summer time
Has come again ;
And from the past
Time leads the way,
Our paths divide
We part to-day.

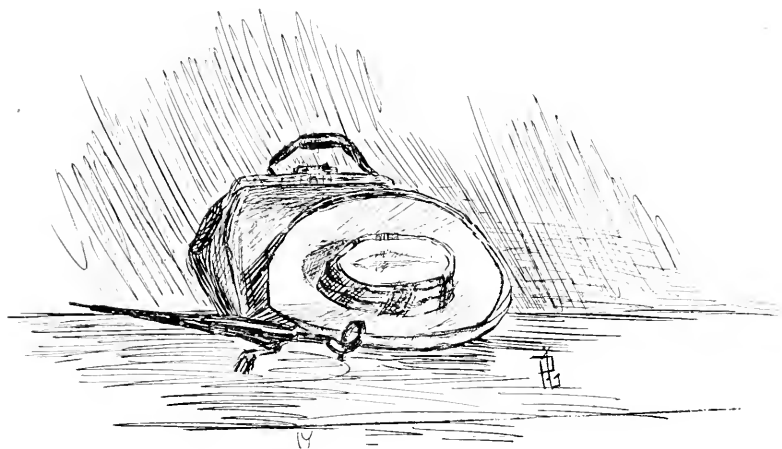
While Hope beats high
For days to come,
And sweet the sound
Of Home, Sweet Home !
Our girlhood days
And happy hours,
Loud mem'ry holds
As fairest flowers.

CHORUS.

Oh memory, sweet memory,
In tender tone thy cadence tell.
Oh memory, sweet memory,
Yet linger, though we breathe farewell.

E. L. H.





Memorial Exercises

The beautiful memorial window given by the Alumnae Association, in honor of the former principal of the Seminary, Miss Mary Julia Baldwin, was unveiled Friday, May 24th, at noon, the exercises being held in the Chapel of the school.

An entertaining program was arranged.

There were addresses by Mr. J. A. Waddell, who presented the window and Dr. A. M. Fraser, who accepted it in the name of the school.

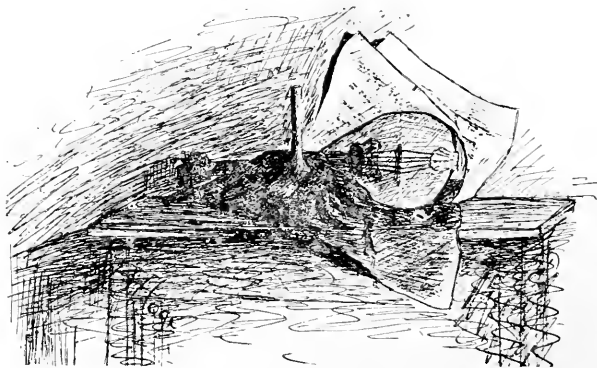
An interesting feature of the morning was the reading of a poem written by Miss Virginia Lucas, of West Virginia, a former pupil of the school.

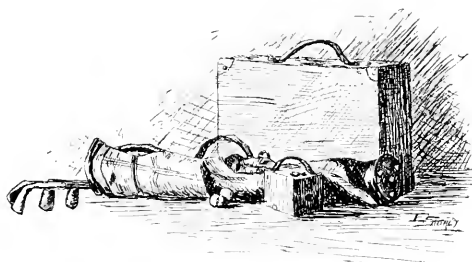
The Seminary Glee Club sang Kipling's Recessional Hymn in a pleasing manner.

The window was unveiled by Mr. Baldwin Darrow.

As the window was submitted to the view of those present, a tender recollection of the noble and pure life of one, whose spirit breathes in every part of the school and whose memory is ever present with us, came to each one.

In its perfect symmetry and beauty, the window is worthy of commemorating the founder of the Mary Baldwin Seminary.





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APRIL-TIME.

Words by E. Teschmacher. Music by F. H. Cowen.

April-Time has smiles and tears,
A little sunshine, a little rain time,
First a frown and then a kiss,
Sometime sad, then glad appears,
But the birds sing, and the flowers grow
'Neath the fickle, everchanging sky
Though the days bring both joy and woe.
April is the sweetest month, say I,
Life is like sweet April time,
A little sunshine, a little rain time,
Full of smiles, then full of tears,
Like the poet's deepest rhyme.
But our hearts sing, and the flowers grow,
As we wander 'neath its fickle sky,
Though the days bring both joy and woe,
April is the sweetest month, say I.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT BLOWS.

Words by F. Peterson, M. D. Music by C. B. Hawley.

The sweetest flow'r that blows,
I give you as we part,
For you it is a rose,
For me it is my heart,
The fragrance it exhales,
Ah! if you only knew,
Which but in dying fails,
It is my love for you.
The sweetest flow'r that blows,
I give you as we part,
For you it is a rose,
For me it is my heart.

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